

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.  
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,  
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,  
To seele onely looking on fairest of faire:  
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,  
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,  
Who tending their own worth from whence they were  
Did point out to buy them along as you past.  
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.  
He giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,  
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

*Prin.* Come to our Paullion, *Boyet* is dispoled.

*Bro.* But to speak that in words, which his eie hath diff-  
lonelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.  
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

*Lad. Ro.* Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest  
skilfully.

*Lad. Ma.* He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and leagnes news  
of him.

*Lad. 2.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-  
ther is but grim.

*Boy.* Do you heare my mad wenches?

*Lad. 1.* No.

*Boy.* What then, do you see?

*Lad. 2.* I, our way to be gone.

*Boy.* You are too hard for me.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### Actus Tertius.

*Enter Broggart and Boy.*

Song.

*Bra.* Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-  
ring.

*Boy.* Concolinel.

*Bra.* Sweete Ayer, go tenderesse of yeares: take  
this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-  
stinately hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my  
Loue.

*Boy.* Will you win your loue with a French braule?

*Bra.* How meanest thou, brauling in French?

*Boy.* No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune  
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour  
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,  
sometime through the throat: if you swallowed loue  
with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you  
snuff vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-  
like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on  
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabber on a spit, or your  
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,  
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:  
these are complements, these are humours, these betraie  
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and  
make them men of note: do you note men that most are  
affected to these?

*Bra.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Boy.* By my penne of obseruation.

*Bra.* But O, but O, I saw didst thou?

*Boy.* The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

*Bra.* Callst thou my loue Hobbie-horse?

*Boy.* No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and  
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie.

But haue you forgot your Loue?

*Bra.* Almost I had.

*Boy.* Negligent student, learne her by heart.

*Bra.* By heart, and in heart Boy.

*Boy.* And out of heart Master: all those three I will  
proue.

*Bra.* What wilt thou proue?

*Boy.* A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-  
on the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart  
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your  
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,  
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

*Bra.* I am all these three.

*Boy.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing  
at all.

*Bra.* Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a  
letter.

*Boy.* A message well simpatis'd, a Horse to be em-  
balladour for an Ass.

*Bra.* Ha, ha, What faiest thou?

*Boy.* Marrie sir, you must send the Ass vpon the Horse  
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

*Bra.* The way is but short, away.

*Boy.* As swift as Lead sir.

*Bra.* Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a  
mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

*Boy.* Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.

*Bra.* I say Lead is slow.

*Boy.* You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

*Bra.* Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,  
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:  
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

*Boy.* Thump then, and I flee.

*Bra.* A most acute leuenall, voluble and free of grace,  
By thy laour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.  
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.  
My Herald is return'd.

*Enter Page and Clowne.*

*Page.* A wonder Master, here's a *Coffard* broken in a  
shin.

*Ar.* Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenny*  
begin.

*Cl.* No egma, no riddle, no *Lenny*, no salue, in thee  
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *Lenny*, no  
*Lenny*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

*Ar.* By verue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie  
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes  
me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth  
the inconsiderate take *salue* for *Lenny*, and the word *Lenny*  
for a *salue*?

*Page.* Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *Lenny* a  
*salue*?

*Ar.* No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin saine.  
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with  
my *Lenny*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes, being but three.

*Ar.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

*Page.* A good *Lenny*, ending in the Goose: would you  
desire more?

*Cl.* The Boy hath sold him a bargain, a Goose, that's  
flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat:  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *Lenny*, I that's a fat Goose.

*Ar.* Come hither, come hither:

How did this argument begin?

*Boy.* By saying that a *Coffard* was broken in a shin.

Then cal'd you for the *Lenny*.

*Cl.* True, and I for a Plantan:

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Lenny*, the Goose that you bought,

And he ended the market.

*Ar.* But tell me: How was there a *Coffard* broken in  
a shin?

*Page.* I will tell you sencibly.

*Cl.* Thou hast no feeling of it *Math*,

I will speake that *Lenny*.

*Ar.* We will talke no more of this matter.

*Cl.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Ar.* Sirra *Coffard*, I will infranchise thee.

*Cl.* O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenny*,  
some Goose in this.

*Ar.* By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at li-  
bertie, enfranchising thy person: thou wert emured,  
restrained, captiured, bound.

*Cl.* True, true, and now you will be my purgation,  
and let me loose.

*Ar.* I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,  
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:

Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *laquenetta*:

there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours  
is rewarding my dependants. *Math*, follow.

*Page.* Like the sequell I.

*Signeur Coffard* adew.

*Cl.* My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie  
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far-  
things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price  
of this ynic? i. d. no, He giue you a remuneration: Why?

It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then  
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this  
word.

*Enter Berowne.*

*Ber.* O my good knaue *Coffard*, exceedingly well met.

*Cl.* Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon  
may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Ber.* What is a remuneration?

*Cl.* Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

*Ber.* O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

*Cl.* I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

*Ber.* O stay slauce, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,

Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

*Cl.* When would you haue it done sir?

*Ber.* O this after-noon.

*Cl.* Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

*Ber.* O thou knowest not what it is.

*Cl.* I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

*Ber.* Why villaine thou must know first.

*Cl.* I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

*Ber.* It must be done this after-noon.

Harke slauce, it is but this:

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a g

When tongues speak sweetly

And *Rosaline* they call her, ask

And to her white hand see the

This seal'd-vp counsaile. Th

*Cl.* Gardon, O sweete ga

ration, a leuence-farthing

don. I will doe it sir in print

*Ber.* O, and I forsooth in

I that haue beene loues whip

A verie Beadle to a humerous

Nay, a night-watch Constable

A domineering pedant ore the

Then whom no mortall so ma

This wimpled, whyning, purb

This signior *lunio* gyant dray

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord

Th'annointed soueraigne of fi

Liedge of all loyterers and ma

Dread Prince of Placcats, King

Sole Emperor and great gen

Of trotting Parrators (O my)

And I to be a Corporall of his

And weare his colours like a T

What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a w

A woman that is like a Germa

Still a repairing: euer out of fi

And neuer going a right, bein

But being watcht, that it may

Nay, to be periurde, which is v

And among three, to loue the

A whitly wanton, with a velu

With two pitch balls flucke in

I, and by heauen, one that will

Though *Argus* were her Eune

And I to sigh for her, to watc

To pray for her, go to: it is a p

That *Cupid* will impose for my

Of his almighty dreadfull litt

Well, I will loue, write, sigh, p

Some men must loue my Lady

### Actus Qu

*Enter the Princesse, a Forre*  
*her Lords*

*Qu.* Was that the King th

Against the steepe vprising of

*Boy.* I know not, but I thin

*Qu.* Who ere a was, a shey

Well Lords, to day we shall h

On Saturday we will returne to

Then *Forrester* my friend, Wh

That we must stand and play th

*For.* Hereby vpon the edge

A Stand where you may make

*Qu.* I thanke my beautie,

And thereupon thou speakst th

*For.* Pardon me Madam, fo

*Qu.* What, what? First praise

O shor't his d'pride. Not faire?